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Agriculture.

PUT THINGS IN ORDER.—Now that "the summer is past," and "the harvest is ended," we trust that our rural readers will not say that there is nothing to do, (except to prepare fuel,) until the genial spring sunshine shall have so warmed the soil that it is time to plant. There is always enough to do and enough to be done on every piece of land, and now is the very time for putting things in order.

First, of all, buildings should be prepared for the coming winter. Cellars should be "banked up" and drained, and windows should be wedged tight, and there should be a double-door at the kitchen entrance. In this way comfort and health should be promoted, and fuel can be saved.

The barns should also be made weather-tight, and the stables made as comfortable as possible. The best way to improve our native stock, and to keep up the reputation of the imported breeds, is to give them warm quarters, and good feed. Cattle cannot thrive in a cold, exposed stable, or when fed on a scanty allowance of coarse hay.

Out doors there are always many things which should be put in order, and now is the time. Along one wall is an invading army of bushes which need cutting up—the orchard the trees killed last winter should be cut down, and new ones planted—about the house a few days' work will add much to the neat appearance of things—and if the cold weather holds off until every other job is done, there are places on every piece of land where a good under-drain will be of great advantage.

UNDER-DRAINING UPLANDS.—Unless the sub-soil is of sand or gravel, which will permit the water not evaporated to pass off freely, every piece of upland is benefitted by drainage. Too much water is the bane of the cultivator, and a thorough system of under-drainage is almost everywhere needed. The Committee on Drainage, in their report to the State Agricultural Society of New York, in 1848, assert that "there is not one farm out of every seventy-five in this State, but needs draining—yes, much draining—to bring it into high cultivation."

Nay, we may venture to say that every wheat field would produce a larger and finer crop if properly drained. The Committee further say: "It will be conceded that no farmer ever raised a good crop of grain on wet ground, or on a field where pools of water become masses of ice in winter. In such cases, the grain plants are generally frozen out and perish; or, if any survive they will never arrive at maturity nor produce a well-developed seed." In fact, every observing farmer knows that stagnant water, whether on the surface, of his soil or within reach of the roots of his plants always does them injury.

A PROFITABLE CROP.—The Ohio wool clip is estimated to exceed that of '56 by at least three million pounds. The increased quantity is not due entirely to the increased number of sheep, but partly to the fact that the shearing occurred a month later this year than last, and the increase of the growth of wool during this time affords an increase of eight per cent. to the clip. Within a few years past, the Eastern States have to a considerable extent abandoned the competition and left Ohio to furnish the best wools now grown. The counties in the centre of that State are now as famous for their fine wool as they formerly were for their great crops of wheat. The estimated value is six millions of dollars.

TRIMMING PINE TREES.—On examining the pine trees in a forest, it will be seen that when they are near together, the lower limbs cease to grow. By following this example of nature, and sawing off the lower limbs of pine or other evergreen trees after they are eight or ten feet high, they grow much faster. Do this in the fall, close to the trunk, and the exuding pitch or turpentine soon heals the wound, but if the limbs are sawed off in the spring, the pitch runs so freely, that it will not granulate, and does not consequently harden over the wound. The limbs removed at this season are very useful to cover strawberry patches with.

SEED CORN.—One cause of the "failure" of corn, is the poor quality of the seed. Poorly ripened and badly dried seed is easily injured by fermentation, and a very little fermentation destroys the vitality. Let every farmer who did not pluck his seed corn before gathering his crop, do so when husking, and after trussing it, hang it in a dry place. When used, the grains on the butt and the point of the ear should be shelled off first for the fowls, and only the more perfect grains used.

Deep planting of trees is too frequently the cause of failure to the cultivator in this country.

SCIENTIFIC FARMER.—The Albany Knickerbocker says there is a man in Greenwich who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next year wheat, the next year corn, the next year clover, and so on.

Selected Cae.

OLD MAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Marje, Marje!"
"I don't care, Deb—I will, and so, see if I don't!" said the little girl, elevating first one and then the other of her snowy shoulders, while Deborah, her old nurse, secured the loops of her white dress. "If we've got to have a cross, hateful, screw-faced old maid in the house, I'll torment her all I can. I'll stick pins in the back of the chair—I'll tip over her plate at dinner—I'll put things in the path to make her stumble, when she walks in the garden—I'll be just as bad as I know how!"

This threatening speech was delivered with various emphatic postures, which made doubly effective.

Marjory Ellis was fatherless and motherless. She lived with her dotting old grandfather, in the brown-grey cottage that stands the very last on the road leading from Stanton to Greendale. She was in the broadest sense of the term, a spoiled child. I doubt much whether she had ever been refused anything during all the six years she had lived with her grandfather and Marjory was now twelve.

There were no other children at the cottage, so the little girl carried it with a high hand. She was a bright, inquisitive, impetuous child, with a great many good impulses and warm feelings, but her heart was like a garden that required much weeding.

It was with anything but feelings of satisfaction that Marjory had heard her grandfather's announcement, two days before, that he had received a letter from Jessie Mann, an old friend and schoolmate of her mother's, stating that she was travelling through the upper part of the State, and would if convenient, and agreeable, make them a short visit. Her grandfather had at once written the lady an urgent invitation to come to the cottage, and he should expect her the latter part of the week.

Now Marjory had conceived an intense aversion to all old maids; as the two or three with whom she had been brought in personal contact stood, in her view, as the type of that most shamefully maligned class of individuals; so the anticipation of Mrs. Mann's visit seemed to arouse all the belated propensities of her nature, and she determined to circumvent every effort of that lady to command or tyrannize over her.

Marjory had already settled in her mind what sort of a person she must be—tall, thin and angular, with a sharp voice, square pale lips, and a general expression of countenance which reminded one of a northern wind in March.

It was Saturday afternoon when Miss Mann arrived. Marjory heard the stage stop, and immediately hurried out by the back door into the orchard, her little red mouth set in an expression of most indomitable obstinacy.

She did not return until supper time—Deborah met her at the door.

"Come right into the parlor, Marje," she said. "The lady's been inquiring for you half a dozen times; how could you run off so?"

"Because I wanted to," was the satisfactory reply; and the saucy, willful child brushed past Betty, and, in no very conciliatory mood, entered the parlor.

The lady who was standing at the table examining some neat engravings thereon, turned round hastily, and there was a tremulous eagerness in her voice as she asked:

"Are you really Annie's little girl?"

"Come to me, my child."

She was pale, and on the whole plain, this egress of Marjory's fancy, with soft, dark hair, folded heavily about her cheeks, with large, serene, gray eyes, and a mouth, that most significant feature in a woman's face, not small, but full, tender, and one that drooped naturally into smiles. And Marjory with her wondering blue eyes fastened on the lady, went up to her.

"How much, how very much she is like her mother!"

This was said half to herself, half to Marjory's grandfather, who just then came into the parlor; and Miss Mann pushed away the short, curly hair from Marjory's brow, and gazed on her with a long, eager tenderness, that went at once to the little girl's heart, and she quite forgot Miss Mann was an old maid.

"Yes," said her grandfather, "our Marje is all Platt, every inch of her—she will be as much like Annie and Charles, when she grows up, as one human being can be like two others."

Miss Mann did not answer, she bent down and kissed Marjory, and with that kiss all the little girl's antipathy to her mother's friend vanished at once and forever.

"Did you love my mamma?" she asked, wistfully, for her young, fair, gentle mother was the sweetest, holiest memory that Marjory's heart held.

"I guess I did love her, my child. You see we lived only a quarter of a mile apart

and were almost inseparable companions when we went to the district school—Then after our family moved to Ryegate, we used to make each other long visits two or three times a year. I remember seeing you once, too, it was a long time ago, and you lay in a wicker cradle, in a new white dress, and a pair of the daintiest and mostrococo shoes. Ah, me! how proud your mother was of you, and how you lifted up your little white arms and crowded at me! Oh, poor Annie! poor Annie!"

Here Miss Mann fairly broke down into a sob, and grandpapa Ellis pulled out his large silk handkerchief, and wiped his nose very hard and fast.

Marjory was, as I said, an impulsive child—her loves were as strong as her dislikes. She slipped her hand into Miss Mann's, and this was with her as a sign and token. After this there was nothing that the little girl enjoyed so well as walking with Miss Mann through the orchard, or by the eye fields, or down by the spring where the mint grew, cool and fragrant on the moist ground.

And this lady always had such long delightful stories to tell her of her mother—of the days when they used to go berrying and nutting in the woods, and the rides they used to have on the top of the hay, in vacations.

"Deborah," said Marjory, confidentially, "Miss Mann isn't a bit like an old maid. I'd be willing to be one myself, if I could be just like her."

It was surprising too, how soft and gentle the little girl's manners became, in less than a week after Miss Mann's arrival, for, if the truth must be told, these had been somewhat boyishish before.

One day Miss Mann and Marjory sat sewing together in the little parlor, when grandpapa Ellis came in suddenly, holding something very tight in one hand.

"Guess what I have here for you, Marje?" he said.

"I can't, Grandpapa. Oh, please give it to me!" cried the impatient girl.

"It's a letter, puss, opening his hand and revealing it.

"A letter! a letter!" clapping her hands and prying round the room. "I never had one in all my life. Who can have sent it to me?"

Grandfather Ellis put on his large, silver glasses, and looked at the address. "It's from California, my child, it must be from your uncle Charles."

At that moment the work slipped from Miss Mann's fingers, to the floor. She bent hastily and raised it up; but if Marjory had not been too much engaged to observe her at that moment, she would have seen that she had grown pale!

Well, Marjory opened the letter, with a pleased flutter at her heart, and read it slowly, for she was not accustomed to the old, scrawling hand of Uncle Charles.

It was a very kind loving letter which Marjory's uncle had written to his "dear little orphan niece," and it brought the tears into her eyes, when he spoke of her mother—his blue-eyed sister Annie, who had, reached first the green shores of the beautiful land, with her hope they were all following her.

The gentleman also told his niece that he hoped to see her before another June had ripened the strawberries on the hills of Stanton; and he intended to bring her something very nice, made out of real California gold.

"Oh, what a good uncle I have got," said Marjory, after she had twice read the letter to her interested auditors. "I wonder if he will know me. You know it is so long since I saw him last."

"Yes, he's been in California nearly five years," said Grandfather Ellis; "he's got into some government office, and they do say he's made quite a fortune there."

Charles was always a clever fellow. Let's see you used to know him well, Miss Mann?

"Yes—I knew him very well when he was a young man; was the lady's rather laconic rejoinder, and she bent very steadily over her sewing.

"His wife was a little beauty, but she was a delicate sort of a creature, that looked as if a smart wind would blow her away—I always thought that it was her death that sent him off; for you know he set great store by her," continued the loquacious old farmer.

"Yes," responded the soft voice of Miss Mann, "Charles was very fond of her, and she deserved all his affection."

"You know her, then?"

"Oh, yes, I met her at Annie's before and after she was married."

Just then somebody called to see the farmer, and this discontinued the conversation, but Marjory's tongue ran faster than ever, as she confidentially told Miss Mann all she should write about, in her reply to Uncle Charles. "And I shall tell him all your visit here, and how much I like you, and how I wish you would stay always," said the little girl.

And Miss Mann drew her to her, and kissed her forehead silently; but Marjory did not see that the lady's eyes were full of tears.

That night Marjory took some strawberries and cream to one of the neighbor's little boys who was sick, and on returning she searched all over the garden for Miss Mann, but in vain.

At last she went up stairs, and very softly to the lady's room. The door was ajar, and she sat by the window, for it was growing into night, and the stars were throbbing slowly into the summer sky—Marjory saw she held a letter in her hand—yes, it was certainly her uncle's letter, and suddenly the lady turned round, and kissed it very fondly, murmuring, "Oh, Charles!" and then, the little girl heard distinctly two or three sobs.

She stole noiselessly away. "I wonder," mused Marjory, "if Uncle Charles ever did anything to make dear Miss Mann unhappy. Well, he'll be here next summer, and I'll tell about it then."

Marjory said nothing to any one else on this subject; and a few days afterward Miss Mann left. The house seemed very lonely without her, even to grandpapa and Deborah, but Marjory felt her departure far more keenly than any one else. But she was partially consoled by a promise which Miss Mann obtained before she left, that Marjory should visit her next summer.

The next June, when the strawberries began to blush on the hills of Stanton, Uncle Charles made his advent.

He was a very fine-looking man, in the prime of his years, with a heavy mustache. Much travel had made his complexion several shades darker than when he left, and a good many gray hairs were straying among his brown locks; but his beaming eyes, and his warm, genial smile—oh, nothing could change these!

Marjory's present proved to be a beautiful gold locket, enclosing a most excellent likeness of her uncle, to which was attached the daintiest gold chain. Marjory was quite beside herself with delight at this gift.

One day the little girl's uncle took her to ride to the river, about four miles from her house, and as they went slowly down the road cut through the forest, with the still fragrant oaks and maples throwing cool shadows all about them, Marjory looking up suddenly in her uncle's face, asked him: "Did you ever know Miss Jessie Mann, uncle?"

"Oh, yes," said he, smiling down upon her. "She used to visit at our house a great deal, and Annie and she were just like sisters, and for many years I loved Jessie just as well as if she had been mine."

"Did you, uncle, and did you never say or do anything to make her unhappy?"

"Make Jessie Mann unhappy! Why, what do you mean, child?"

And then Marjory drew up very close to her uncle, and told him what she had seen and heard that night that she stole up so softly to Miss Mann's chamber.

Mr. Platt listened very attentively to all his niece said, but he did not answer a word; and after she had finished, he only tapped his boot meditatively with his riding whip.

But a suspicion was dawning in the gentleman's mind. He had gone back to the days of his early manhood, and he saw the sweet face and heard the ringing laugh of Jessie Mann, just as he used to.

Then he remembered that night in the late spring, when she and his sister stood together with him under the white blossoms of the apple tree, and he told them first of his betrothal to her whose fair head was now lying under the June roses; and he remembered, too, when he turned to his companions, saying very lightly, because his feelings were very deep: "Now, girls, don't you congratulate me?" Jessie had suddenly fallen down upon the grass.

Annie and he were much alarmed as they raised her, but she said it was only a slight faintness—it would soon pass—she was accustomed to it, and so their fears were allayed. What if—

"Marjory," at last the gentleman's voice broke the long silence. "didn't you tell me you were to visit Miss Mann this summer?"

"Yes—grandpapa says I may go next month."

"And would you like me to accompany you?" She stood up in the carriage, this impulsive little Marjory, and clasped her hands.

So, the next month, the little girl and her uncle went to Miss Mann's house—She lived with her aged parents in a pleasant little white cottage, just in the suburbs of the city, and there was a deep yard in front, dark with spruce, and cedar, and larches. Miss Mann seemed at first quite overcome at the sight of Marjory, or her uncle; the little girl could not tell which, for she grew very pale, and grasped the door handle, as though she would have fallen; but a moment afterwards she was her own sweet, thoroughly-possessed self, and welcomed them very warmly.

The week Marjory passed here was a very happy one; and Uncle Charles seemed to enjoy it vastly, too. They all went riding, and sailing, and walking; and he and Miss Mann talked constantly of times be-

fore Marjory could remember, but she was never tired of listening.

The night before they were to leave, the little girl went into the parlor, and being very tired, with a long walk she had taken that day, threw herself down on the sofa and went to sleep.

At last she was aroused by voices entering the room, and half as in a dream she heard Uncle Charles say: "And to think, Jessie, I should never have known, never have dreamed of this life-long devotion to me, if Marjory had not told what she saw and heard that night. I owe my little niece all the brightness of the future, to which I am looking forward."

And, then, softly through the silence, beat the low, tremulous tones of Jessie Mann: "And I—oh, Charles, what do I not owe her! God has sent at last the dreams of my youth."

"And God helping me, my Jessie, I shall be fair and pleasant as the dream was then—why? what in the world!—what's here?"

"It's only I," said Marjory, sitting up and rubbing her eyes.

The newly betrothed pair felt very tenderly toward the little girl. Uncle Charles placed her between himself and Miss Mann on the sofa, and then he said to her: "Marjory, how would you like to have me bring you another aunt?"

It was so dark they could not see each other's faces; but Marjory was, by no means, a dull child. She leaned forward to Miss Mann. "I know what he means," she whispered. "Oh, I am glad, so very glad!"

"So she won't be an old maid any more," was the conclusion of Marjory's story to Deborah, who listened with much interest to the announcement of Miss Mann's engagement; however, do you know Deb, I don't dislike old maids as much as I did before I knew her."

"When you can get hold of a good one, they're fast, I must say," was Deborah's singular remark; for she participated somewhat in Marjory's former dislike of the class.

"And to think, I'm going to the wedding," and the little girl's bright head fluttered about the kitchen. "I shall have a new white dress, and the most beautiful pair of gaiters; and afterwards I'm going to make them a long, long visit!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Deborah, as she sprinkled some sugar over a large bowl of black-cherries, she was preparing for supper.

"Yes," and here Marjory's voice dropped into a low, confidential tone, and she drew close to Deborah's side, "and when I grow up I intend to live with Uncle Charles and Aunt Jessie, all my life and be myself an Old Maid!"

Deacon M. was an honest old codger, a kind, obliging neighbor, and a good church-going Christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but slackaday! this pillar of the church was, at times, a little "shaky"—in fact, the deacon would, occasionally, get exceedingly "mellow"; and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider-brandy to such an extent that it was with some difficulty he reached his pew, which was in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon to them in the afternoon, touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them; and that he hoped they would listen attentively, and not flinch if he should happen to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice, with the question—

"Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded this inquiry; when up rose Deacon M., with his face radiant from copious draughts of his favorite drink at his noontide meal, and steadily himself as well as he could by the pew-rail, looked up to the parson and replied, in a pipped and tremulous voice—"Here I am." Of course, a consternation amongst the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and winding up by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself again. "And now," out spoke the preacher-man in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?" A pause—but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man; but the most glances seemed directed to the squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was leveled, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew-rail to the squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed—"Come, squire, why don't you get up; I did, when he called on me."—Boston Post.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1703.

in it. The body of the church is 70 feet wide, it hath two tiers of windows, is full of pews, and hath galleries all around the east end. It is owned by people there to be the most beautiful timber structure in America. The old church is given to the people of the neighboring town of Warwick, who had no church of their own. There are Quakers and two sorts of Anabaptists in Newport, yet the members of the church of England increase daily; and though there are not four alive of the first promoters of the church worship in this place yet there is now about four times the number of all the first. This last church is generally full. Newport is the chief town in the island, is the place of residence of the Governor, is a good compact town, large enough to make a considerable village in England. Mr. Honeyman continues now a missionary here, hath under his care, also Freetown, River-ton and Little Compton.

Having just mentioned Providence, where Mr. Honeyman had gathered a congregation, and Mr. Pigot was appointed missionary; it may be proper to give next an account of the mission there. The people as described above, were negligent of all religion (ill about the year 1722; the very best were such as called themselves Baptist or Quakers, but it was feared many were Gortonians or Deists. This township is 20 miles square, and the present number of the inhabitants is about 4000. Out of all these there were a small number, who in the year 1722, seriously reflecting on the irreligious state wherein they lived, resolved to endeavor to build a church, get a minister, and live like christians. They began to gather contributions among themselves; they got £250, they solicited their friends about them, they got £290 from Rhode Island, £100 from Boston and £20 from other places; with this and about £290 more which they borrowed, they raised on St. Barnabas day, 1722, a timber building for a church, being 52 feet in length, 41 in breadth, and 56 high. The chief contributor was Col. Joseph Whipple, who gave £100. The Rev. Mr. Honeyman gave £10, and Mr. Macksparran, another of the society's missionaries, gave £5. The people live dispersed over the large township; they are industrious, employed chiefly in husbandry, and handy-crafts, though very lately have begun to enter upon foreign trade and navigation. Mr. Pigot upon his first coming here, had not much above one hundred attending divine worship; however, the number increased, and he baptised in less than two years six grown persons, and the communicants were seventeen; and in the year 1727, he baptised eleven children, and three grown persons, and the communicants were 44. The reader remarks this mission is but just begun, and the church members are daily increasing.

The people of Narragansett country made application to the Bishop of London about the year 1707, for a missionary, and built a church soon after by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. It is a timber building and commodiously situated for those who generally attend divine worship. It is distant from Providence, the nearest church, 27 miles. This country is above 30 miles long and between 13 and 14 miles broad. There are near 400 inhabitants including about 200 negroes. Their business is husbandry, their farms are large, so that the farmers seem rather graziers. They live at a great distance from each other, and improve their lands in breeding cattle, and sheep, and carry the greatest supply of provisions to Boston market.

The people who at first seemed desirous of the church of England worship, were but few, but they were very earnest for it. In the year 1717, the society appointed the Rev. Mr. Guy, to that place; he arrived there soon after, and entered upon his mission with much zeal. The members of the church of England received him with many tokens of joy. They presently provided him with a convenient house, and because it was some distance from that church, they presented him with a horse; and many other ways showed the marks of their favor. He was very well respected by the people, and several who lived regardless of all religion before he came, began to be constant attendants at divine worship. He resided at Narragansett (or otherwise called Kingstown) and visited by turns the people of Freetown, Tiverton and Little Compton and some other places. This mission was very laborious, the places far distant, and the weather here changing suddenly into severe extremes. Mr. Guy contracted indispositions, and found himself not able to bear the fatigue, and was therefore, at his own request, removed to South Carolina in 1719. The Rev. Mr. Honeyman, in the vacancy of this church, visited the people at times and

